

## REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

## SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE DE-

## FENDED—CUBA A NECESSITY.

Extracts from an Address of the Hon. (?) Jefferson Davis before the Democratic (?) State Convention in the City of Jackson, (Mississippi,) July 6, 1859:—

Though the defense of African Slavery, (thus it is commonly called,) is left to the South, the North are jointly interested by it. Deduct from their trade and manufactures all which is dependent upon the produce of slave labor, their prosperity would fade, and poverty would come upon them 'as one that travelleth.'

So far as the abstract right to hold the African in bondage is concerned, we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the progress which within the last ten years truth and sound philosophy have made.

Anterior to that time, it had been the habit of Southern men to refuse to discuss a question of strictly domestic concernment with those who assumed to invade it. Thus, for a long period, error scattered the seeds broadcast over the land, while reason, in over-confidence, stood passive. The recent free discussion by the press, and on the forum, have dispelled delusions which had obscured the mind of a generation, until even now it is believed it would be safe to speak against the defender. The

truth of all things are accommodated, and the fate of the subject is thereby his nature, but the

confidence of the highly deluded, and chaste, and intelligent, and

illiterate, and

and the name it bears it is

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communication from Adams, because against the hypocrisy of one of those testing, I will give into his mind that enabled me give you much idea. It would have been easier, if some one doubt of his own total depravity, of which he is the most something to see a Worcester has opportunity of justice to the slave, to the editor of the Worcester Journal, he said, not be object of slavery, but instead of criticizing said, serve them who are wanting to prove toward liberating much anti-slavery of the whole slave much for our most

well informed, could presume to indicate especially where through Disunion a strategical farce that Anthony Burns. But when, a few years he declined, did the church did not be careful

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Massachusetts—to remember those in bonds as bound

with them? or was that a mere figure of speech?

Was it a mere figure of speech when Christ said unto his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature'? Yet the American

Bible Society cannot be bribed to distribute its Bibles among the slaves.

We want new voices and new theatres of action.

We want discussions like those lately held in Salem

Street Church; but we would not have resolutions

as those were, with the understanding that

they were to remain a dead letter on the records of

the church, making them of none effect, unless

those young men who so nobly and contend have

committed no crime.

The admissions there made by the opposing party,

of the guilt of slaveholding, the complicity of the Re-

publican party, and all the religious organizations,

corroborated every charge that has ever been brought

against them.

As Abolitionists, we have no quarrel with any per-

son's creed or form of worship; but as men, as women,

as Christians, we are duty bound to demand of the

American Church, that while she professes to be the

conservator of all that is pure and sacred, to disfellow-

ship sin, and be the guiding star of salvation, she shall

not conceal within her folds that foul viper, the men-

tion of which suggests all that is vile, impure, and li-

entious in the whole category of sin, against which

the God of Israel thundered forth his ten com-

mandments on Mount Sinai.

S. E. W.

[The Worcester correspondent writes like a

noble Anti-Slavery woman—as she is. We shall be

glad to hear from her frequently.]—Ed. Lib.

#### REV. MR. POPE, OF HYANNIS.

HYANNIS, Sept. 4th, 1859.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:—I see by the last *Liberator* a report of some remarks made by Rev. Mr. Pope of this place, in a conversation with an Anti-Slavery friend in Milford, in reference to the kidnapping of Columbus Jones. As some of the statements made by the Rev. gentleman are very far from the truth, I will give into his mind that enabled me give you much idea. It would have been easier, if some one doubt of his own total depravity, of which he is the most

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#### THE LATE CELEBRATION.

Mr. BROWN.—It is generally conceded that the immediate object in view, and the limited time of preparation, the late *Floral Celebration* of this city must be considered a brilliant success. The

## POETRY.

For the Liberator.  
CHURCH-GOING.

How various the reasons are  
Why people to the church repair!  
While most would have it understood  
That they go there to worship God.  
Some go to listen to the preacher,  
Some go to gaze at some frail creature;  
But more go there applause to win,  
Or get an 'anodyne' for sin.  
How many for whom Christ has died,  
Go there that they may foster pride!  
They tell us to the world they're dead,  
Yet none more sure its ways to tread.  
In words they point our souls to heaven  
Upon one day in every seven;  
In deeds the other six they show  
More clear the path that leads to woe.  
The worldling, grasping tight his self,  
Exclaims, 'Physician, heal thyself!'  
If you a saint, then I'm secure,  
For you than I are not more pure.  
O Lord, help each of us to pray  
that we may do as well as say;  
Make us a 'city on a hill.'  
That men may learn of us thy will.

Boston, Aug. 23, 1859. JUSTINIA.

From the Atlantic Monthly for July.

DANIEL GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven,  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven,  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.  
I know him well; in fact, few knew him better;  
For my young eyes oft read him for the Word,  
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter  
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.  
Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted  
On ready wings his freight of gratitude,  
And was not called up among the gifted,  
In the prayer-meetings of the neighborhood.  
He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,  
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;  
And I suppose, that in his prayers and graces,  
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.  
I see him now,—his form, end face, and motions,  
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—  
And hear the language of his trite devotions  
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen-chair.  
I can remember how the sentence sounded,—  
'Help us, O Lord, to pray, and not to faint!'  
And how the 'conquering-and-to-conquer' rounded  
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him;  
He never kissed his children—so they say;  
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him  
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.  
He could see nothing but vanity in beauty,  
And thought but weakness in a fond care,  
And pitied men, whose views of Christian duty  
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet t' here were love and tenderness within him;  
And I am told, that when his Charley died,  
Nor Nature's need nor gentle words could win him  
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,  
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,  
And on his breast a rose-bud, gathered early.—  
And grieved, but did not know, who placed it there.  
My good old friend was very hard on fashion,  
And held its votaries in lofty scorn,  
And often burst into a holy passion  
While the gay crowds went by on Sunday morn.

Yet he was vain, old Gray, and did not know it!  
He wore his hair unparted, long and plain,  
To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,  
For fear the world would think that he was vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,  
And righteous words for all kinds of evil:  
Alas! that the transgressor and transgression  
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

Yet that sweet taste of gift without repentance,  
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,  
And fearless could never read the sentence—  
'Neither do I condemn thee: sin no more.'

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,  
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,  
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of failing,  
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,  
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way,  
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,  
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,  
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,  
And his Redeemer called him to inherit:  
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven,  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

THESE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower  
That grows within the darkest vale,  
Though lost to view, has still the power  
The rarest perfume to exhale;

That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,  
May visit some lone sick one's bed,  
And, like the balm affection brings,  
Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew  
That trembles in the rosebud's breast,  
Will seek its home of ether blue,  
And fall again as pure and blest;

Perchance to revel in the spray,  
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,  
Or mingle in the fountain spray,  
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast  
By careless hands upon the ground,  
Will yet take root, and may at last  
A green and glorious tree be found;

Beneath its shade some pilgrim may  
Seek shelter from the heat at noon,  
While in its boughs the breezes play,  
And song-birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone  
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,  
May melt a heart of hardest stone,  
And make the saddened soul rejoice.

And then, again, the careless word  
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,  
May touch a heart already stirred,  
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain  
Of breathing from some dear one's lute,  
In memory's dream may come again,  
Though every mournful string be mute.

The music of some happier hour—  
The harp that swells with love's own words,  
May thrill the soul with deepest power,  
When still the hand that swept its chords.

[ANONYMOUS.]

## The Liberator.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SLAVEHOLDERS  
INCOMPATIBLE WITH A CHRISTIAN  
PROFESSION.To the Salem Street Congregational Church, Worcester,  
Mass., and to Church-Members generally:

A great crisis impends. God puts a pregnant and solemn question to the American Church. He demands an immediate and explicit answer. He has eyes must see the issue between Freedom and Slavery. He that has ears must hear the voice of God calling upon the Church—calling upon you and me to stand on his side. Have you such faith in him, that you are willing to follow him, regardless of consequences? Dare you stand alone, if need be, for the right? Will you side with slavery, or against it? This is a test which no American church-member can evade. You shall encounter this touchstone at every corner. Whoever falls upon it shall be broken; but on whomsoever it may fall, it shall grind him to powder.

It is not my purpose to paint the features of that great crime, which is engrained in our political Constitution, and which, 'as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing itself that it is God.' I have not the ability, had I the disposition, to delineate or compute the wrongs of the slave, multiplied as they are million-fold, and perpetuated through centuries. My business is with those who admit that slavery is a sin, but fellowship the sinner. He who is so stupid as not to be able to discern, by a simple application of the Golden Rule, that slavery is a great crime, may as well read no further. He would seem to be too stupid to be a Christian.

Slavery then is confessedly a transgression of God's law.

Unlike many other sins, however, it is powerful in State and Church. Those who study, even superficially, its relations, are struck at its multifarious and intricate connection with all our political, religious and social life. It is entwined with every muscle and fibre of the body politic—nay, of the professed visible body of Christ, the organized Church. That religious society, which has seriously endeavored to free itself from all complicity with slavery, will smile at the question, 'What have we to do with this evil?' To dissolve all connection with it—all such connection as can fairly convey the impression that the Church sanctions it—all such connection as gives it aid and comfort, is found to be like the sundering of soul and body. Most of those who have looked deepest into the subject declare the Anti-Slavery cause to be the entering wedge that shall cleave in twain the visible Church. Be it yours and mine to drive that wedge home. Out of agitation will come purity: out of death, life. Paradise lies beyond the grave.

Ask the man who has gone farther than this; who has made it his life-work to weaken and destroy the monster; ask him what he thinks of the connection of the Church with slavery. But I forget. You may not wish to be seen with him. The Jews were not to be seen with him. But the master is.

By laws of Virginia, sixty-eight crimes are punishable with death, if committed by a slave; if by a white free person, only four crimes are punishable with death. Nor have I time to enumerate the evil influences upon the white man—to show how it makes labor dishonorable; makes free schools utterly impossible; makes slaveholders indolent, insolent, tyrannical; tempts them to licentiousness by supplying a race of unprotected females; rewards vice by making offspring follow the condition of the mother, thus offering a premium for unbridled lust; deprives the Northern citizen of all right to speak or print freely, or to travel freely in the South, if he be a friend of the black man; imprisons our innocent servants; sell our citizens for their jail fees; turns us all into bloodhounds to hunt fugitives from bondage, annulling and exactly reversing the higher law of God, 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee'; corrupts and blunts the moral perception of leading men in the Northern Church, until President Lord, Prof. Stuart, Dr. Adams, and the great majority of Doctors of Divinity cannot discern its sinfulness; and everywhere exerts a cruel prelude against the colored man, until at least two of the leading churches of Boston will not permit a negro to occupy the same foot with the white man at divine worship. Thus practically saying they would rather his soul should be forever lost, than gain salvation on an equality with themselves.

There is no help for this. It must needs be that offences come. In this boasted land of light and freedom, and beneath the shadow of its hundred thousand steeples, it is as true as ever it was in Palestine, that whosoever will follow our Savior must deny himself, and take up his cross; must be hated of all men for his name's sake; and whosoever would save his life must lose it; and if any man in company with the Samaritans, 'Infidel' is brandished on his brow. 'Faithless' is howled in his ears. His good name is blotted. His pathway is through thorns and among pitfalls. He runs a gauntlet through a million lashes, kicks, stings. With a heavy cross and bleeding feet, he is ever tolling up some new Calvary.

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